THE RELATION OF His Majeſtie's ENTERTAINMENT Paſsing through the City of LONDON, To HIS CORONATION: WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE Triumphall Arches, AND SOLEMNITY.

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His MAJESTIES Entertainments, Passing through the City of *London* to His Coronation; with a Description of the Triumphal Arches and Ceremonies.

THE *City of* LONDON, *participating the greatest share of that inexpressible Happiness, which these Kingdoms have received by the glorious Restauration of our Sovereign to his Throne, and of us his Subjects to our Laws, Liberties, and Religion, after a dismal Night of Usurpation and Oppression, and proportionably exceeding in their Loyalty, have taken the occasion of His* MAJESTIES *Coronation, to expresse their Joy with the greatest Magnificence imaginable: imitating therein the ancient* Romanes, *who, at the return of their Emperours, erected Arches of Marble: which though they, by reason of the shortness of time, could not equall in Materials, yet do theirs far exceed the others in Number, and stupendious Proportions. They have not herein spared any Cost to manifest their affectionate Duty to the* King, *considering, that if ever excessive Profusions of this nature might be justified, the present should be allowed, the occasion thereof being the most Miraculous, and joyfull of any, that ever happened. And to the intent, that the Ingenious may be instructed, the Malevolent silenced, and Mis-informations prevented, it is thought fit to publish a perfect Description of the Solemnity.*

MUNDAY, *April* the two and twentieth, His MAJESTY goes from the *Tower*, through the City, to *Whitehall*.

In his passage through *Crouched Fryers*, He is entertained with Musick, a Band of eight Waits, placed on a Stage.

Near *Algate*, another Band of six Waits entertain him in like manner with Musick, from a Balcony, built to that Purpose.

In *Leaden-Hall*-Street, neer *Lime*-Street End, is erected the First Triumphal Arch after the *Dorick* Order. On the North-side, on a

Pedestal

Pedeſtal before the Arch, is a Woman perſonating REBELLION, mounted on a *Hydra*, in a Crimſon Robe, torn, Snakes crawling on her Habit, and begirt with Serpents, her Hair ſnaky, a Crown of Fire on her Head, a bloody Sword in one Hand, a charming Rod in the other. Her Attendant CONFUSION, in a deformed Shape, a Garment of ſeveral ill-matched Colours, and put on the wrong way; on her Head, Ruines of Caſtles; torn Crowns, and broken Scepters in each Hand.

On the South Pedeſtal is a Repreſentation of BRITTAIN'S MONARCHY, ſupported by LOYALTY, both Women: *Monarchy*, in a large Purple Robe, adorn'd with Diadems, and Scepters, over which a looſe Mantle, edg'd with blue and ſilver Fringe, reſembling Water, the Map of *Great Britain* drawn on it; on her Head *London*, in her right Hand, *Edinburgh*; in her left, *Dublin*; *Loyalty* all in White, three Scepters in her right Hand, three Crowns in her left.

The firſt painting on the *South*-ſide is a Proſpect of His Majeſties Landing at *Dover*-Caſtle, Ships at Sea, great Guns going off, one kneeling and kiſſing the King's Hand, Soldiers, Horſe and Foot, and many People gazing: Above,

ADVENTUS AUG.

The whole Tablet repreſenting His Majeſties Bleſſed Arrival.
Beneath the Painting this Motto,

IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.

Alluding to that of *Virgil*,

Multa dies, variuſque labor, mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius, multos alterna reviſens
Luſit, & in ſolido rurſus Fortuna locavit.

Thus rendred,

'The various Works of time, and many dayes,
"Often Affairs from worſe to better raiſe,
"Fortune, reviewing thoſe She tumbled down,
"Sporting, reſtores again unto the Crown.

The Painting on the *North*-ſide, oppoſite to this, is a Trophy with decollated Heads, having over it,

ULTOR A TERGO DEUS.

Taken out of *Horace*, ——*Sequitur Rebelles*
Ultor à tergo Deus ——.

" God's Vengeance Rebels at the Heels purſues.

This Tablet repreſenting in a Trophy the late example of Gods Juſtice upon the Rebels, who committed that moſt horrid Murther upon His Majeſties Royal Father of bleſſed Memory. To which Rebels the Motto beneath alſo referreth.

AUSI IMMANE NEFAS AUSOQUE POTITI:

Said by *Virgil* of thoſe, who were, for the like Crimes, condemned to the Pains of *Erebus*, as he cloſes the Deſcription of it in the ſixth of his *Æneis*,

Auſi omnes immane Nefas, auſoque potiti;

" All dar'd bold Crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.

The Painting over the Middle Arch repreſents the King, mounted in calm Motion, USURPATION flying before Him, a Figure with many ill-favoured Heads, ſome bigger, ſome leſſer; and one particularly ſhooting out of his ſhoulder, like *Cromwells*; Another Head upon his Rump or Tayl; Two *Harpies* with a Crown chiſed by an Angel; Hell's Jaws opening. Under the ſaid Repreſentation of the King purſuing *Uſurpation* is this Motto,

VOLVENDA DIES EN ATTULIT ULTRO

Taken out of the *Æneis*, lib. 9.

TURNE, *Quod optanti Divum promittere Nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

" What none of all the Gods durſt grant, implor'd,
" Succeſſive Time does of its own accord.

Above the Arch, on two Pedeſtals, South-ward, and North-wards, ſtand the Statues of King *James* and King *Charles* I. In the Middle ſomewhat higher, juſt over the Arch, the Statue of His Sacred Majeſty. Under that of King *James*;

DIVO JACOBO.

Under that of King *Charles* I.

DIVO CAROLO.

Under that of His Majeſty this following Inſcription;

D. N.

CAROLO II.

D. G. BRITANNIARUM IMP.

OPT. MAX.

UBIQUE VENERANDO,

SEMPER AUG.

BEATISSIMO AC PIISSIMO,

BONO REIP. NATO,

DE AVITA BRITANNIA,

DE OMNIUM HOMINUM GENERE

MERITISSIMO,

P. P.

EXTINCTORI TYRANNIDIS,

RESTITUTORI LIBERTATIS,

FUNDATORI QUIETIS,

OB FELICEM REDITUM,

EX VOTO L. M.

P.

S. P. Q. L.

Behind the said Figure of *Charles* II. in a large Table is deciphered the ROYAL OAK bearing Crowns, and Scepters, instead of Acorns; amongst the Leaves, in a Label, MIRA-

MIRATURQUE NOVAS FRONDES ET NON SUA POMA.

——"Leaves unknown

" Admiring, and ſtrange Apples not her Own.

As deſigning its Reward for the Shelter afforded His Majeſty after the Fight at *Worceſter*: an expreſſion of *Virgil's*, ſpeaking of the Advancement of Fruits by the Art of Graffing.

The upper Paintings on the *Eaſt*-ſide are Ruinous, repreſenting the Diſorder the Kingdom was in, during His Majeſties Abſence; with this Motto,

EN QUO DISCORDIA CIVES!

But on the *Weſt*-ſide they are finiſhed, to repreſent the Reſtauration of our Happineſſe by His Majeſties Arrival; the Motto,

FELIX TEMPORUM REPARATIO.

On the *Royal Oak*, in a Label,

ROBUR BRITANNICUM.

Over the Great Table,

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

Under King *Charles* II.

RESTITUTOR URBIS.

The Painting on the South-weſt ſide, repreſents the Lord Mayor delivering to the King the Keyes of the City.

In the *Niches* are four Figures. The Firſt on the South ſide, a Woman in pleaſant Colours; the Emblem on her Shield, a Terreſtrial Globe, the Sun riſing, *Bats* and *Owls* flying to the Shadow; the Word,

EXCOECAT CANDOR.

The Second hath on Her Eſcutcheon a Swarm of Bees, whetting their Stings; the VVord,

PRO REGE EXACUUNT.

The Third, on the *North*-ſide, hath on Her Shield a Mountain burning Cities, and Vine-yards deſtroyed, and ruined; the Word,

IMPIA FOEDERA.

The Fourth hath on Her Eſcutcheon an Arm, as it were out of the Clouds; in the Hand a naked Sword: the Motto,

DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI.

Eight Mutes above, on Pedestals; four in White, four in Crimson.

The Musick of this Fabrick is ten Drummers, flanking *Rebellion*; twelve Trumpets flanking *Monarchy*.

Aloft under the two Devastations, twelve Trumpets, four Drums.

Within the Arch, on two Balconies, six Trumpets, four Drums.

While the Train passeth along, the Drums beat the Marches of several Countries, and the Trumpets, sound several *Levets*. At which time, His Majesty drawing near, the Drums turn their March to a Battel, the Trumpets sound a Charge, and on a sudden *Rebellion* rowseth up her self: at which, Drums and Trumpets ceasing, *Rebellion* addresses to His Majesty the following Speech.

Stand! Stand! who'ere You are! this Stage is Ours.
The Names of Princes are inscrib'd on Flowrs,
And wither with them! Stand! You must Me know,
To Kings, and *Monarchy* a deadly Foe;
Me, who dare bid You midst Your Triumphs Stand,
In the Great City of your Native Land:
I am Hell's Daughter, Satan's Eldest Childe,
When I first cry'd, the Powers of Darkness smil'd,
And my Glad Father, Thundering at my Birth,
Unhing'd the Poles, and shook the fixed Earth.
My dear *Rebellion* (that shall be thy Name,
Said He) Thou Emperours and Kings shalt tame,
No Right so good, Succession none so long,
But Thou shalt Vanquish by thy Popular Throng,
Those Legions, which t'enlarge our Pow'r we send
Throughout the World, shall Thee (my Dear) attend.
Our mighty Champions, the Sev'n Deadly Sins,
By Malice, Profit, Pleasure, all their Gins,
Bring to Our Kingdom some few spotted Souls;
Thou shalt by Treason hurry them in Shoals.
Would You now know what Int'rest I have here?
Hydra I ride: great Cities are my Sphere:
I Sorc'ry use, and hag men in their Beds,
With Common-wealths, and *Rotas* fill their Heads,
Making the Vulgar in Fanatique Swarms
Court Civil War, and dote on Horrid Arms;
'Twas I, who in the late unnatural Broils,
Engag'd three Kingdoms and two wealthy Isles:
I hope, at last, to march with Flags unfurl'd,
And tread down *Monarchy* through all the world.

At which Words, *Monarchy* and *Loyalty*, unveiling themselves, *Rebellion* starts as Affrighted: but recollecting her Self, concludes her Speech thus.

Ah! *Britain*, Ah! stand'st thou Triumphant there,
Monarchick Isle? I shake with horrid Fear.
Are thy Wounds whole? Upon thy Cheek fresh Smiles?
Is Joy restor'd to these late mournfull Isles?
Ah! must He enter, and a King be Crown'd?
Then, as He riseth, sink we under Ground.

Rebellion having ended her Speech, *Monarchy* entertains His Majesty with the following,

To Hell, foul Fiend, shrink from this glorious Light,
And hide thy Head in Everlasting Night.
Enter in Safety, Royal Sir, this *Arch*,
And through Your joyfull Streets in Triumph march;
Enter our *Sun*, our *Comfort*, and our *Life*;
No more these Walls shall breed Intestine Strife.
Henceforth Your People onely shall contend
In *Loyalty* each other to transcend.
May Your great Actions, and immortal Name,
Be the whole Business, and Delight of *Fame*.
May You, and Yours, in a Perpetual Calm
Be Crown'd with *Laurel*, and Triumphant *Palm*;
And all Confess, whilst they in You are Blest,
I, MONARCHY, of Governments am Best.

Monarchy having ended her Speech, the Trumpets sound pleasant *Levets*, and the Drums beat a lofty *English* March, whilst His Majesty, the Nobility, and the Rear-Guard pass on.

Upon His Majestie's Advance to the *East-India* House in *Leaden-Hall*-Street, the *East-India* Company take occasion to express their dutifull Affections to His Majesty in manner following,

* First a Youth in *Indian* Habit attended by two *Black-Moors*, is sent out to bespeak the King's Expectation, kneeling before His Horse, in these Words;

* *This Entertainment was designed, and the Speeches made by a Person of Quality.*

Stay, Royal Sir, here comes an Indian,
Who brings along a full fraught Caravan
Of perfect Loyalty, and Thanks, to pay,
As Your due Tribute, on this glorious Day.

In the mean while another Youth, in an *Indian* Veſt, mounted upon a *Camel*, led out by two *Black-Moors*, and other Attendants, the *Camel* having two Panniers filled with Jewels, Spices, and Silks, to be ſcattered among the Spectatours, addreſſeth himſelf to His Majeſty, as followeth;

Avaunt, you Glorious Trifles of the East,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, and the Beſt
Of Aromaticks, *and your Silken Toys,*
We're Rich enough in our Compleated Joys.
Your Sacred Perſon, Royal Sir, hath brought
Home all the Wealth, that can be found, or thought.
The Riches of both Indies *are but poor,*
Compar'd with our renew'd Carolean *Store.*
We'll blame that Fire no more, that ſcorch'd our Neſt
Of Spicy Trade, ſince we ſee You, the Beſt
Of Kings, *riſe from the Aſhes of that Flame,*
That burnt our Firſt Right Phœnix *of Your Name.*
For You have out-done Solomon, *and made*
Proviſion for a more then Ophir *Trade;*
Among Your firſt of unexpected Cares
Enlarg'd our Charter, and diſpel'd our Fears
Of the encroaching Holland's *Rival Force.*
Nor can we doubt, but by the bounteous Source
Of Your Succeſsfull Right, not only We,
But all the Merchants of Your Realm ſhall ſee
This Empory *the* Magazine *of All*
That's Rich, from Phœbus *Riſing to his Fall;*
And Your Imperial Title *be the ſame*
In Deed, which Spain's *proud Crown vaunts but in Name.*
Which Heavens grant! And that we never ſee
The Sun ſet on Your Crown, or Dignity.
Long live King CHARLES the Second.

The two Youths, who ſpeak to His Majeſty, as above, are *John* and *Samuel Ford*, Sons of Sir *Richard Ford*, one of the Committees of the *Eaſt-India* Company.

The next Entertainment is a Band of ſix Waits, placed on a Balcony, erected in the Middle of the *North-Weſt* Angle of *Leaden-Hall*.

The next Entertainment is at *Corn-hill* Conduit, on the top of which ſtand eight *Nymphs* clad in White, each having an Escutcheon in one hand, and a Pendent, or Banner in the other. On the Tower of the ſaid Conduit, a Noiſe of ſeven Trumpets.

Near

NEar the *Exchange*, in *Corn hill* is erected the second *Arch*, which is *Naval*.

On the *East*-side are two Stages erected; on each side of the Street, one. In that on the *South* side is a Person representing the River *Thames*; his Garment loose and flowing, Colour Blew and White, waved like Water, a Mantle over, like a Sayl; his Head crowned with *London*-Bridg, Flags, and Ozier, like long Hair, falling o're his shoulders; his Beard long, Sea-green, and White, curl'd; an Oar in his right Hand, the Model of a Ship in his left, an Urn beside him, out of which issues Water; four Attendants in White, representing the four fresh Streams which fall into the River *Thames*, viz. *Charwell*, *Lea*, *Colne*, and *Medway*.

In the other Stage on the North-side, which is made like the upper Deck of a Ship, are three Seamen, whereof one habited like a Boat-swain.

A Shield or Table, in the Front of the Arch, bears this *Inscription*,

NEPTUNO BRITANNICO,

CAROLO II,

CUJUS ARBITRIO

MARE

VEL LIBERUM, VEL CLAUSUM.

The first Painting, on the *North*-side over the City Arms, represents *Neptune*, with his Trident advanced; the Inscription,

NEPTUNO REDUCI.

On the South-side, opposite, *Mars*, with his Spear inverted, his Shield charged with a *Gorgon*, by his Knees; the Motto,

MARTI PACIFERO.

Over the Arch, the Marriage of *Thame*, and *Isis*.

The Painting on the North-side, over *Neptune*, represents the *Exchange*; the Motto,

——GENERIS LAPSI SARCIRE RUINAS.

An expression of *Virgil's*, *George*. 4. speaking of the Industry of

Bees, never discouraged by their Losses; his Description of it running thus,

Quo magis exhaustæ fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire Ruinas,
Complebuntque Foros, & Floribus Horrea texent.

How much by Fortune they exhausted are,
So much they strive the Ruins to repair
Of their fal'n Nation, and they fill th' Exchange,
Adorning with the choisest Flow'rs their Grange.

The Painting on the South-side, over *Mars*, shews the Tower of *London*; the Inscription,

CLAUDUNTUR BELLI PORTÆ.

The Pedestals in the upper Story, are adorned with eight living Figures, representing *Europe*, *Asia*, *Affrick*, and *America*, with Escutcheons, and Pendents, bearing the Arms of the Companies, Trading into those parts.

The uppermost great Table in the fore-ground represents King *Charles* the First, with the Prince, now *Charles* the second, in His hand, viewing the Sovereign of the Sea, the Prince leaning on a Cannon; the Inscription,

O NIMIUM DILECTE DEO, CUI MILITAT ÆQUOR, ET CONJURATI VENIUNT AD CLASSICA VENTI.

For Thee, O Jove's *Delight, the Seas engage,*
And Mustred Windes, drawn up in Battel, Rage.

Above, over the *Cornich*, between the two Celestial *Hemi-spheres*, an *Atlas*, bearing a *Terrestrial Globe*, and on it a Ship under Sail; the Word,

UNUS NON SUFFICIT.

The great Painting on the *West*-side, represents the *Duke* of YORK, habited *a l'antique*, like *Neptune*, standing on a Shell drawn by *Sea-Horses*, in one Hand a *Trident*, the *Reins* in the other his Motto,

SPES ALTERA.

On the four *Niches* within the *Arch* are living Figures, with Escutcheons and Pendents, representing ARITHMETICK, GEOMETRY, ASTRONOMY, and NAVIGATION.

Arith-

Arithmetick, a Woman habited *a l'antique*; upon her Veſtment Lines, with *Muſick*-Notes on them: In her Eſcutcheon a Book opened, with a Hand, pointing to the Figures 1. 2 3. 4. &c. under,

PAR ET IMPAR

Geometry, a Woman in a pleaſant *Green*, in her Shield a *Compaſs*, and a *Triangle*; the Inſcription,

DESCRIPSIT RADIO TOTUM QUÆ GENTIBUS ORBEM.

Aſtronomy, a Woman in a looſe Veſtment, *Azure*, wrought with Stars of Gold, looking up to Heaven: in her Shield a Table, wherein are diverſe *Aſtronomical* Figures; the Inſcription,

AURO CIRCUMSPICIT ORIONA

Taken out of the third of the *Æneis*, where the *Poet* introduces *Palinurus*, contemplating the Heavens.

Navigation, a Woman in Sea-green Habit, in her Eſcutcheon an *Anchor*, with a *Cable* about it; the Inſcription,

TUTUM TE LITTORE SISTAM.

While the *Nobility* paſſe the *Triumphal Arch*, the three Sea-men entertain them with this Song from the Stage on the *North*-ſide of the *Arch*.

From Neptunes *Wat'ry Kingdoms, where*
Storms, and Tempeſts riſe ſo often,
As would the World in pieces tear,
Should Providence their Rage not ſoften;
In that fluctuating Sphear,
Where ſtout Ships, and ſmaller Barks
Are toſs'd like Balls, or feather'd Corks.
When Briny Waves to Mountains ſwell,
Which dimming oft Heav'ns glittring Sparks,
Then deſcending low as Hell;
Through this Crowd,
In a Cloud,
By a ſtrange and unknown Spell,
We newly Landing,
Got this Standing,
All Merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay

This

This Triumphal Day,
To make of our skil a Trial,
Of our little little skill:
Let none then take it ill,
We must have no Denyal.

II.

We, who have rais'd, and laid the Poles,
Plough'd Frozen Seas, and scalding Billows,
Now stiff with Cold, then scroch'd on Coals,
Ships our Cradles, Decks our Pillows;
'Mongst threatning Rocks, and treach'rous Shoals,
Through Gibraltar's *contracted Mouth,*
And Realms condemn'd to Heat and Drouth,
Or Baltick *Waves bound up in Ice,*
Or Magellan *as Cold, though* South,
Our good Fortune, in a trice,
Through this Croud,
In a Cloud,
Brings us where in a Paradice
We newly Landing
Got this Standing;
All Merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay
This Triumphal Day,
To make of our skill a Tryal,
Of our little little skill:
Let none then take it ill,
We must have no denyal.

III.

We, who so often bang'd the Turk,
Our Broad-sides speaking Thunder,
Made Belgium *strike, and proud* Dunkirk,
Who liv'd by Prize, and Plunder.
And rooted the Sebastian *Shirk;*
We paid their Poops, and painted Beaks,
Cleans'd before and eft their Decks,
Till their Scuppers ran with Gore,
Whil'st in as fast Salt-Water breaks;

But we are Friends of this no more;
Through this Crowd
In a Cloud,
We have found an happy Shore,
And newly landing
Got this ſtanding;
All merry Boys, and Loyal,
Our Pockets full of Pay
This Triumphal Day,
To Make of our Skil a Trial,
Of our little little Skill,
Let none then take it ill,
We muſt have no denyal.

Beſides the three before-named, who ſing the precedent Song, there are in like manner habited, like Sea-men, ſix other Perſons, who make a Winde-Muſick.

The Muſick in the Stage conſiſts of three Drums, and ſix Trumpets.

On the *Eaſt*-ſide, Winde-Muſick, conſiſting of ſix Perſons.

On two Balconies, within the *Arch*, Winde-Muſick, conſiſting of twelve Perſons.

On the *Weſt*-Gallery are placed ſix Trumpets.

Theſe, and all the other Muſick, belonging to this Triumph, perform their Duty without Intermiſſion, till ſuch time as His Majeſty fronts the *Figure*, which repreſents *Thames*, and then ceaſe; upon which, *Thames* maketh the enſuing Speech.

TEn Moons, Great Sir, their ſilver Creſcents fill'd,
Since, mounted on a Billow, I beheld
You on the Bridg; but louder Joys there were,
That barr'd my Welcomes from Your Sacred Ear:
Now I above my higheſt Bound have rear'd
My Head, to ſay what could not, then, be heard.
Hail, Mighty *Monarch*! whoſe Imperial Hand
Quiets the Ocean, and ſecures the Land;
This City, whom I ſerve with Neighb'ring Floods,
Exporting Yours, importing Forreign Goods,
With anxious Grief, did long Your Abſence mourn;

Now

Now with full Joy she Welcomes Your Return;
Your blest Return! by which she is restor'd
To all the Wealth Remotest Lands afford.
At Your approach, I hasten'd to the *Downs*,
To see Your Moving Forts, Your Floating Towns,
Your *Sovereigns*, Big with Thunder, Plow the Main,
And swimming Armies in their Womb contain.
You are our *Neptune*, every Port, and Bay
Your Chambers, the whole Sea is Your High-way.
Though sev'ral Nations Boast their Strength on Land,
Yet You Alone the wat'ry World command.
Pardon, great Sir, fair *Cynthia* checks my stay;
But to Your Royal Palace, twice a day,
I will Repair; there my proud Waves shall wait,
To bear our *Cæsar*, and His conqu'ring Fate.

The River *Thames* having ended his Speech, the three Sea-men, who entertain'd the Nobility with the former Song, address the following to His Majesty.

I.

King CHARLES, *King* CHARLES, *great* Neptune *of the Main*!
Thy Royal Navy rig,
And We'l not care a fig
For France, *for* France, *the* Netherlands, *nor* Spain;
The Turk *who looks so big,*
We'll whip him like a Gig
About the Mediterrane
His Gallies all sunk or ta'ne.
We'll seize on their Goods, and their Monies,
Those Algier *Sharks*
That Plunder Ships and Barks,
Algier, Sally, *and* Tunis,
We'll give them such Toasts
To the Barbary-*Coasts,*
Shall drive them to Harbour, like Conies.
Tan tara ran tan tan
Tan tara ran tan tara,
Not all the World we fear-a;
The great Fish-pond
Shall be thine-a
Both here, and beyond,

From

From Strand to Strand,
And underneath the Line-a.

II.

A Sail, a Sail, I to the Offin ſee,
She ſeems a luſty Ship;
Hoiſe all your Sails a-trip:
We'll Weather, Weather her, what e're ſhe be:
Your Helm then ſteady keep,
And Thunder up the Deep,
A Man of War, no Merchants She;
We'll ſet her on her Crupper;
Give Fire, Bounce, Bounce,
Pickeering Villains trounce
Till Blood run in Streams at the Scupper;
Such a Break-faſt them we ſhall
Give with Powder, and Ball,
They ſhall need neither Dinner nor Supper.
Tan tara ran tan tan
Tan tara ran tan tara,
Pickeering Rogues ne're ſpare-a;
With Bullets pink
Their Quarters;
Untill they ſtink,
They ſink, they ſink,
Farewell the Devil's Martyrs.

III.

They yield, they yield; ſhall we the poor Rogues ſpare?
Their ill-gotten Goods,
Preſerv'd from the Floods,
That King CHARLES, *and we may ſhare?*
With Wine then chear our Bloods,
And, putting off our Hoods,
Drink to His MAJESTIE *bare,*
The King of all Compaſſion:
On our knees next fall
T' our Royal Admiral,
A Health for his Preſervation,
Dear JAMES *the* Duke *of* YORK,
Till our Heels grow light as Cork,
The ſecond Glory of our Nation.

Tan tara ran tan tan,
Tan tara ran tan tara
To the Royal Pair-a,
Let every man
Full of Wine-a
Take off his Can,
Though wan, though wan,
To make his red Nose shine-a

The Sea-men having ended their Song, the several sorts of Musick perform their Duty, whilst His MAJESTY passeth on towards *Cheap-side.*

At the *Stocks*, the Entertainment is a Body of Military Musick, placed on a Balcony consisting of six Trumpets, and three Drums, the Fountain there being after the *Tuscan* Order, venting Wine and Water.

In like manner, on the Top of the great *Conduit*, at the Entrance of *Cheap-side*, there is another Fountain, out of which issue both Wine and Water, as in a representation of *Temperance*; and on the several Towers of that *Conduit* are eight Figures, habited like *Nymphs*, with Escutcheons in one Hand, and Pendents, or Banners in the other: And between each of them, Wind-Musick; the number, eight.

On the Standart also in *Cheap-side* there is a Band of Waits placed, consisting of six Persons.

THe third Triumphal *Arch* stands near *Woodstreet* end, not far from the place where the *Cross* sometimes stood. It represents an Artificial Building of two Stories, one after the *Corinthian* way of Architecture, the other after the *Composite*, representing the TEMPLE of CONCORD; with this *Inscription* on a Shield,

ÆDEM
CONCORDIÆ
IN HONOREM OPTIMI PRINCIPIS,
CUJUS ADVENTU
BRITANNIA TERRA MARIQ. PACATA,
ET PRISCIS LEGIBUS REFORMATA EST,
AMPLIOREM SPLENDIDIOREMQUE.
RESTITUIT,
S. P. Q. L.

In the Spandrils of the *Arch* there are two Figures, in Femal e Habits, leaning: One repreſenting PEACE, the other TRUTH. That of *Peace* hath her Shield charged with an *Helmet*, and Bees iſſuing forth, and going into it; the Word,

PAX BELLO POTIOR.

Truth on the other ſide, in a thin Habit; on her Shield TIME, bringing *Truth* out of a Cave; the Word,

TANDEM EMERSIT.

Over the great Painting upon the *Arch* of the *Cupula*, repreſents a large GERYON, with three Heads crowned; in his three right Hands, a *Lance*, a *Sword*, and a *Scepter*; in his three left Hands, the three Eſcutcheons of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; before him the King's Arms with three imperial Crowns; beneath, in great Letters,

CONCORDIA INSUPERABILIS.

On the top of the *Cupula* CONCORD, a Woman in her right Hand holding her Mantle; in her left Hand, a *Caduceus*; under her Feet, a Serpent ſtrugling, which ſhe ſeems to tread down.

On the Weſt-ſide, the third great Figure, a Woman ſtanding at the Prow of a Ship; in her left Hand, a *Cornucopia*; the Word,

FORTUNÆ REDUCI.

Above there are eight living Figures with Pennons, and Shields, repreſenting the four *Cardinal* Vertues, each with an Attendant.

PRUDENCE on her Shield, *Bellerophon* on a *Pegaſus*, runing his Javelin into the Mouth of *Chymera*; the Word,

CONSILIO ET VIRTUTE.

JUSTICE, on her Shield a Woman holding a Sword in one Hand, a Ballance in the other; the Word,

QUOD DEXTERA LIBRAT.

TEMPERANCE, a Viol in her left Hand, a Bridle in her right; the Word,

FERRE LUPATA DOCET.

FORTITUDE, a Lyon having the Arms of *England*, in an Eſcucheon; the word,

CUSTOS FIDISSIMUS.

The internal Part of this Triumph, or Temple, is Round; the upper part Dark, only enlightened by Artifical Lights; the lower part divided into ten Parts by Pilasters with Pedestals.

Within the Temple are twelve living Figures, three placed above the Rest.

The First the *Goddess* of the Temple in rich Habit, with a *Caduceus* in her Hand, and a *Serpent* at her Feet. Behind the *Goddess*, a Man in a Purple Gown, like a Citizen of *London*, presenting the KING with an *Oaken* Garland; Over the KING's Head,

PATER PATRIÆ.

Over the Citizen's,

S. P. Q. L.
OB CIVES SERVATOS.

The Second, Truth, standing next the *Goddess* Concord, in a thin, but rich Habit, her Shield charg'd with a Book held open, with wings fasten'd by a Chain to a Cloud; beneath, a *Fury* plucking at the End of the Chain; the word,

VERITAS INVICTA.

The Third, Love richly dress'd, on the other side of the *Goddess*; on her Shield a *Cupid*, Roses in His Right Hand, in his left a Fish.

Of the nine Lesser Figures; the first bears, on a Shield, the King of *Bees* flying alone; a Swarm following at some distance: the Word,

REGE INCOLUMI MENS OMNIBUS UNA.

The Second, on his Shield, a *Testudo* advancing against a Wall; the Word,

CONCORDIÆ CEDUNT.

The Third, a Shield charged with Hearts; the Word,

HIC MURUS AHENEUS ESTO.

The Fourth, like a Spread-Eagle with two Heads, one of an *Eagle*, the other of an *Eastrich*; in the mouth of the *Eastrich* a Horse-shoe, in the Talon of the *Eagle* a Thunderbolt; the Word,

PRÆSIDIA MAJESTATIS.

The Fifth, a Bundle of *Javelins*; the VVord,

UNITAS.

The

The Sixth, two Hands joyned athwart the Escutcheon, as from the Clouds, holding a *Caduceus* with a Crown; the Word,

FIDE ET CONSILIO.

The Seventh, Arms laid down, Guns, Pikes, Ensigns, Swords; the Word,

CONDUNTUR, NON CONTUNDUNTUR.

The Eighth, a *Caduceus*, with a wing'd Hat above, and wings beneath, two *Cornucopies* comming out at the middle, supported by a Garland; the Word,

VIRTUTI FORTUNA COMES.

The Ninth, a Bright *Star* striking a gleam through the midst of the Escutcheon; the Word,

MONSTRANT REGIBUS ASTRA VIAM.

With these Figures is intermingled a Band of twenty four Violins. The Bases and Capitals within this Triumph, are Brass, and the Pillars Steel.

The Triumphs thus adorned, and the several Musick playing, all pass through, till such time as His Majesty comes to the middle of the Temple, at which time the three principal living Figures, *viz.* CONCORD, LOVE and TRUTH, who till then had not been seen, are by the drawing of a Curtain discovered, and entertain His Majesty with the following Song.

I.

Comes not here the King of Peace,
Who the Stars so long foretold,
From all Woes should us release
Converting Iron-times to Gold?

II.

Behold, Behold!
Our Prince confirm'd by Heavenly signs
Brings healing Balm,
Brings healing Balm, and Anodines,
To close our Wounds, and Pain asswage.
He comes with conquering Bays and Palm
Where swelling Billows us'd to rage,
Gliding on a silver Calm;
Proud Interests now no more engage.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Let these arched Roofs resound,
Joyning Instruments and Voice,
Fright vain Spirits under Ground;
But let Heav'n and Earth rejoyce,
We our Hapiness have found.
He, thus marching to be Crown'd,
Attended with this glorious Train,
From Civil Broils
Shall free these Isles,
Whil'st He and His Posterity shall reign.

I.

Who follow Trade or study Arts,
Improving Pasture, or the Plow,
Or furrow Waves to Forreign Parts,
Use your whole Endeavours now.

II.

His Brow, His Brow
Bids you Hearts as well as Hands,
Together joyn,
Together joyning blesse these Lands;
Peace *and* Concord, *never poor,*
Will make with Wealth these Streets to shine,
Ships freight with Spice and Golden Ore,
Your Fields with Honey, Milk and Wine,
To supply our Neighbours Store.

The first Song ended, *Concord* addresses her self to His Majesty in these Words,

Welcome, great Sir, to CONCORD's *Fane,*
Which Your Returne built up again;
You have her Fabrick rear'd so high,
That the proud Turrets kiss the Skie.
Tumult by You, and Civil War
In Janus *Gates imprison'd are,*
By You the King of Truth, *and* Peace;
O, may Division never cease!
Your Sacred Brow the blushing Rose,

And

And Virgin Lilly twin'd inclose!
The Caledonian *Thiſtle-down*
Combine with theſe t'adorn Your Crown.
No Diſcord in th' Hybernian *Harp!*
Nought in our Duty flat, or ſharp;
But all conſpire, that You, as beſt,
May 'bove all other Kings be Bleſt.

The Speech ended, His Majeſty, at His going off, is entertained with the following Song:

With all our Wiſhes, Sir, go on,
Our Charles, *three Nations Glory;*
That Worlds of Eyes may look upon,
Behinde, Sir, and before Ye;
Go great Exemplar of our Britiſh *Story,*
Paternal Crowns aſſume,
That then Your Royal Name
May, regiſtred by Fame,
Smell like a ſweet Perfume,
Not writ in Marble, Braſs, nor Gold,
Nor ſparkling Gems,
Such as ſhine in Diadems,
Where all Nations may behold
With brighter Characters enroll'd,
On th' Azure Vellam of configur'd Stars,
Who fixt with gentle Smiles
Two fluctuating Iſles,
And built well-grounded Peace on Civil Wars.

On the little Conduit, at the lower End of *Cheap-ſide*, are placed four Figures, or *Nymphs*, each of them having an Eſcutcheon in the one Hand, and a Pendent in the other.

In a Balcony, erected at the entrance of *Pater-noſter*-Row, are placed His Majeſtie's Drums, and Fife; the number of Perſons, eight.

Between that and *Ludgate* there are two other Balconies erected: In one, is placed a Band of ſix Waits; In the other, ſix Drums.

On the Top of *Ludgate* ſix Trumpets.

At *Fleet*-Bridge a Band of ſix Waits.

On *Fleet*-Conduit are ſix Figures, or *Nymphs*, clad in White, each with

with an Escutcheon in one Hand, and a Pendent in the other; as also a Band of six Waits. And on the *Lanthorn* of the Conduit is the Figure of *Temperance*, mixing Water and Wine.

IN *Fleet-street*, near *White-friers*, stands the fourth Triumphal Arch representing the *Garden* of PLENTY; it is of two Stories, one of the *Dorick* Order, the other of the *Ionick*. The Capitals have not their just Measure, but incline to the Modern *Architecture*.

Upon the great Shield over the *Arch* in large Capitals, this Inscription,

UBERITATI
AUG.
EXTINCTO BELLI CIVILIS INCENDIO
CLUSOQ. JANI TEMPLO
ARAM CELSISS.
CONSTRUXIT
S. P. Q. L.

Over the *Postern*, on the *South*-side of the Entrance is BACCHUS in a Chariot, drawn by *Leopards*, his Mantle a *Panther's* Skin; his Crown of *Grapes*, a *Thyrsus* with Ivy in his left Hand; a *Cup* in his right: under-neath,

LIBER PATER.

The Painting over this, represents *Silenus* on his Ass, *Satyres* dancing round about, in drunken and antick postures; the prospect, a *Vine-yard*.

On the North-side opposite, *Ceres*, drawn in a Chariot by winged *Dragons*, and crowned with ears of corn, in her left hand Poppy; in her right, a blazing Torch. The painting over her is a description of *Harvest* with,

CERES *AUG.*

On the West-side of the Arch, over the South Postern, the *Goddess* FLORA, in a various coloured habit; in one hand, red and white *Roses*; in the other, *Lilies*; on her Head, a Garland of several other Flowers.

The Painting over this, a Garden, with Walks, Statues, Fountains, Flowers, and Figures of Men and Women walking.

Opposite to this, on the North-side, the *Goddess* POMONA, crowned with a Garland of several Fruits; in her right Hand, the Sun; in her left Hand

Hand a Wand; at her Feet, all sorts of Grafting and Gardening Tools.

The Painting above, an *Orchard*.

On the Corners, four living Figures; above, the four Seasons of the Year.

In the *Niches* stand four Figures, representing the four Winds.

EURUS, a *Black-Moor* with Black wings; his Embleme, the Sun rising, and a fair plain Country; his Motto,

AD AURORAM NABATHÆAQ. REGNA.

BOREAS, instead of Feet, two Serpents Tails, his Wings covered with Snow; his Embleme, a rocky Mountainous Country, and the *Pleiades* rising over it; his Motto,

SCYTHIAM SEPTEMQ. TRIONES
HORRIFER INVADIT——

AUSTER, in a dark-coloured Habit, with Wings like Clouds; his Embleme, a Cloudy Sky, and Showres; his Motto,

NUBIBUS ASSIDUIS PLUVIAQ. MADESCIT.

ZEPHYRUS, like an *Adonis* with Wings; the Embleme, a Flowery Plain; the Word,

——TEPENTIBUS AURIS
DEMULCET——

The great Figure on the top of all represents PLENTY, crowned; a Branch of Palm in her right Hand, a *Cornucopia* in her left.

The Musick aloft on both sides, and on the two Balconies within, are twelve VVaits, six Trumpets, and three Drums.

At a convenient distance before this Structure, are two Stages erected, divided, planted and adorned like Gardens, each of them eight Yards in length, five in breadth. Upon that on the North-side sits a Woman representing PLENTY, crowned with a Garland of diverse Flowers, clad in a Green Vestment, embroidered with Gold, holding a *Cornucopia*: her attendants, two Virgins.

At His Majestie's approach to the *Arch*, this Person representing PLENTY riseth up, and maketh address to Him in these Words,

Great Sir; the Star, which at Your happy Birth
Joyd with his Beams (at Noon) the wondring Earth,
Did with auspicious lustre, then, presage
The Glittring Plenty *of this golden Age;*

The

The Clouds blown o're, which long our joys o're cast,
And the sad Winter of Your Absence past,
See! the three smiling Seasons of the Year
Agree at once to bid You Welcom here;
Her Homage Dutious Flora *comes to pay;*
With Her Enamel'd Treasure strows Your Way:
Ceres, *and* Pales, *with a bounteous Hand,*
Diffuse their Plenty over all Your Land;
And Bacchus *is so Lavish of his Store,*
That Wine flows now where Water ran before;
Thus Seasons, Men, and Gods their Joy express,
To see Your Triumph, and our Happiness.

His Majesty having passed the four Triumphal Arches, is at *Temple-Bar*, entertained with the view of a delightfull Boscage full of severall Beasts, both Tame and Savage, as also several living Figures, and Musick of eight Waits. But this being the Limit of the Citie's Liberty, must be so likewise of our Description.

THe Parts of which this Entertainment *consists, were carried on by several Persons, who performed all to Admiration, and considering the shortness of the Warning, much beyond what could have been imagined.*

The Architectural *Part by Mr.* Peter Mills, *Surveyor of the City, and another Person, who desires to have his Name conceal'd.*

The Carpentry, *by Mr.* John Scot, *Mr.* William Pope, *Mr.* Thomas Wratton, *and Mr.* Roger Jerman.

The Painting, by Mr. William Lightfoot, *and Mr.* Andrew Dacres.

The Joyners Work, by Mr. Thomas Whiting.

The Carver's Work, by Mr. Richard Cleer.

The Principal Parts of the Musick by His Majesties Servants; all Composed by Matthew Lock *Esq; Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty.*

By reason of some fictitious Printed Papers of the Manner of His Majesties intended Proceeding through London, *on Munday the two and twentieth of this instant* April, *lately spread abroad; it is thought fit, for better satisfaction, to Publish this Copy of that which is by Authority appointed.*

THE

THE

CAVAL-CADE,

OR

HIS MAJESTIES

March through the City of *London* towards His

CORONATION

Munday April 22. 1661.

THe Duke of *Yorks Horſe-guard.*
Meſſengers of the Chamber.
Eſquires to the Knights of the *Bath.*
Knight *Harbinger*, } Sergeant *Porter.*
Sewers of the Chamber.
Quarter-Waiters.
The Six Clerks of the *Chancery.*
Clerks { Of the Signet. Privy-Seal, Council, Parliament. Crown.
Chaplains having Dignities, ten in Number,
The King's *Advocate*, and Remembrancer.
The King's Learned Council at Law.
Maſters of the *Chancery.*
King's puiſne Serjeants.
Kings Atturney and Sollicitor
King's Eldeſt Serjeats.

Secretaries of the *French*, and *Latine* Tongues.
Gentlemen Uſhers Daily Waiters.
Sewers, Carvers, and Cup-bearers in Ordinary.
Eſquires of the Body.
Maſters of ſtanding Offices, being no Councellours, *viz.* Of the Tents
Revels, Ceremonies, Armory, Wardrobe, Ordnance.
Maſters of the Requeſts.
Chamberlains of the *Exchequer.*

Barons

Barons of the *Exchequer*, and Judges of the Law, according to their Dignities.
Lord Chief Baron, >< and Lord Chief Justice of the *Common Pleas*.
Mr. of the Rolls, >< Chief Justice.

Trumpets.

Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber.
Knights of the *Bath*.
Knight Marshal, Treasurer of the Chamber, Master of the Jewel-house.
Barons younger Sons.
Viscounts younger Sons.
Knights of the Privy Council.
Barons Eldest Sons.
Earls youngest Sons.
Viscounts Eldest Sons.

The Trumpets, and Serjeant Trumpets.
Two Pursivants at Armes,

Barons.
Marquesses younger Sons.
Earles Eldest Sons.

Two Pursivants at Arms.

Viscounts.
Dukes younger Sons.
Marquesses Eldest Sons.

Two Heralds.

Earls.
Earl Marshal: and Lord Chamberlain of the Houshold.
Dukes Eldest Sons.

Two Heralds.

Marquesses.
Dukes.

Ser. at Clar
encieux >< and *Norrey*.
Lord Treasurer, Lord Chancellour.
Lord High Steward.
Two Persons Representing the Dukes of *Normandy* and *Aquatain*.
Gent. Usher, >< *Garter*, >< L. *Mayor*.
Ser. at Arms

The Duke of *York* alone.
The Lord High Constable of *England*. } The Lord great Chamberlain of *England*.
The Sword born by the Duke of *Richmond*.

The KING.

Equerries and Footmen next His Majesty.
Gentlemen and Pensioners without them.
The Master of the Horse leading a spare Horse.
The Vice-Chamberlain to the King.
Captain of the Pensioners,
Captain of the Guard. } The King's Horse-guard.
The Guard. } The Generals Horse-guard.

F I N I S.